

BY FLYER TO JERUSALEM.

AN AMERICAN ENGINEER BEATS HIS RECORD IN RAILROADING.

An extremely limited Express through Palestine-Railroad Management in the Far East and in the Far West.

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Jerusalem, April 18.—Jaffa was the home of Simon, the Tanner, whose house still stands and is now for rent. It was the shipping station of Jaffa, the port where Solomon landed the cedars of Lebanon with which he built his extravagant palace; and out of the wreck-strewn sea that flows in from the Gulf of Sidra rises the rock of Andromeda. It was here the poor lady was chained, yet it was not the sea monster she feared, but a change in the wind. If the wind had blown from shore and brought to her the faintest whiff of Jaffa she could not have held to all that she had seen.

When you land here, which you can accomplish only when the sea is calm, you find yourself in a narrow, mean, muddy street, filled with freighted camels and burros, through which you are marched for a quarter of a mile before you can reach a wide enough to hold a carriage; then you turn and see the Custom House and a hotel, the carriage, for which you have paid a tourist agency fifty cents or a dollar, and walk to your stopping place.

We landed at 10:30, and by 10:45 we had become tired of the sights and scent of the city. A young guide I waited upon the chief of the Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway.

It was Saturday. The manager—whom I could not see—said he was very busy, but if I would come in to-morrow he would be glad to give me any information I desired. I went straight to the station, caught the 12:15 express, and entered the only first-class train in the train, with a ticket for Jerusalem. The road is a three-foot gauge, the cars are narrow, and only half of one little pine coach is set apart for first-class passengers. This space is cut by a partition, making two boxes, six by seven feet, for tourists.

The train is made up of all kinds of cars. The grass is green between the ties; and the scale that is crumbling from the sandstone cornice of the station is allowed to remain where it falls to be crushed under the feet of the voyagers. The manager is a Frenchman with a strong Turkish flavor. The pompous, almost military-looking manager, and the brightly uniformed "Chef de Gare," or station master, seem strangely out of place, when you glance at the wretchedness that surrounds them. Here is a queer mixture of the frivolity of France and the Oriental. From the time you get the first glimpse of the Jaffa "gare" till you reach Jerusalem, the whole show has about it an air of neglect, like a widow's farm. They appear to know as much about railroading as the average Arab knows about the Young Men's Christian Association.

The time was and was not seven Arab minutes overdue to leave, when I asked Howard, the hotel man, what the matter was.

"Waiting for Le Directeur de la Compagnie," said he, with a smile, for he knew how absurd it was to hold the only daily train the road runs for the general public.

Another quarter of an hour went by, and still another.

Suddenly there was a bustling among the station hands, the bell jingled, the whistle—deaf-voiced, North American Baldwin whistle—sounded, and we moved away. At the last moment I saw the station master, who had been hurrying a well-dressed gentleman to our car, put him in, and then swing gracefully into the second-class carriage immediately behind ours. A couple of officers of an English war ship which was anchored off Jaffa occupied one of the first-class compartments. Now the conductor came in where I was.

The train started slowly, and seemed to be running over a sort of electric rail; but I soon found that the one wheel at my rear had three or four inches of iron, and the two rear wheels had but one. This gave the car an uncertain sort of movement, two short hops and a long one. The conductor, who had been trying to look pleased, frowned. I raised the window and tried to see what made the car jump about so. It was a Frenchman, a man with a beard and a mustache, who was sitting in the car.

"Little rascal," I said as a feeling; and my friend blew such a fog into my face that I was obliged to take to the window again.

"Window too bad, venturing another flyer at the Frenchman, and he scowled.

Driveling accustomed to the pounding and bucking of the carriage, I began to look at the strange scene along the line. On one side there was an orange orchard, and on the other an olive orchard. The trees were tall and slender, and the leaves were a deep green. The ground was a brownish red, and the sky was a pale blue.

Forty-five miles from Jaffa, the train stopped, and I saw a man with a beard and a mustache, who was sitting in the car. He was a Frenchman, and he was looking at me with a smile. I saw him again and again, and he was always looking at me with a smile.

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A COLLEGE SKETCH.

AN UNPUBLISHED FLYER BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Published in a New York Newspaper Called the "New World" in 1850, and Overlooked by Making a Hole in the Paper.

Dick [sobs, with a sob, and no sobbing] speeches, speeches. Column on column, one eternal speech. Now, I had better read your poem stories. Of men and women and shrouded overboard. Your sitting thoughts and knocking out of brains, and such well-spread misdoings.

[Enter Tom.] How goes your nobility, and gentle Julia. How does she fare, the lady of your love? Tom: Her good old grandfather's dead.

Dick: Why then the devil. Tom: She was a potent victim in her day. Tom: He pleased to read rudely on the ashes. Of one that was a woman. You are wont to speak only the falsest things to me.

Dick: I have a poem for you. Tom: I have a poem for you. Dick: I have a poem for you. Tom: I have a poem for you.

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SENT TO AFRICA BY A BIRD.

A CRANE FROM RUSSIA CARRIES A MESSAGE FAR UP THE NILE.

The Native of Dongola Could Not Read the Message, but the Bird Could.

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ENCYCLOPEDIA TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

Significant relations in the Pope's Letter.

ROME, April 22.—It is with feelings of admiration that thoughtful men will read the apostolic letter of Leo XIII. to the people of England. It is the daughter of that to the Peoples and Princes. To-morrow it will have a sister; that will be, as already known, the Encyclical on the state of the world, which will be the daughter of that to the Peoples and Princes.

Leo XIII. is clearly beginning a new cycle of immortal doctrines. The first covers religious and political doctrines; it is like an echo of Innocent III., the second extends over social questions, and the third, which is the latest, is the encyclical on the state of the world, which will be the daughter of that to the Peoples and Princes.

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